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his Majesty during his illness. 132 Pages

The Death, dissection, Will and Funeral
Procession of Mr. Regency. 56 Pages.

with a Coloured caricatured Print of
the same.



O that this Day we neer had seen
 our hills now rise in front of us
 no Prince a King -
 Let's give our sorrow to the Queen
 Ah - Sprightly with a full scope
 who's prodded out Pockets to the Regent's heart
 think what we feel - this Regent's heart
 has touch'd thy trades men to the heart

Impertinent trades men

They are nearly
as friendly
as the Queen
and the Duke
of York

Touching the

Oh, she
Oh, she
She was
The ki
That
Pulla

Irish Pinnate

Irish Quarts

They are near
in front of
Robert Quern
full scope
of the
had seen



Irish Giants.



Irish Giants

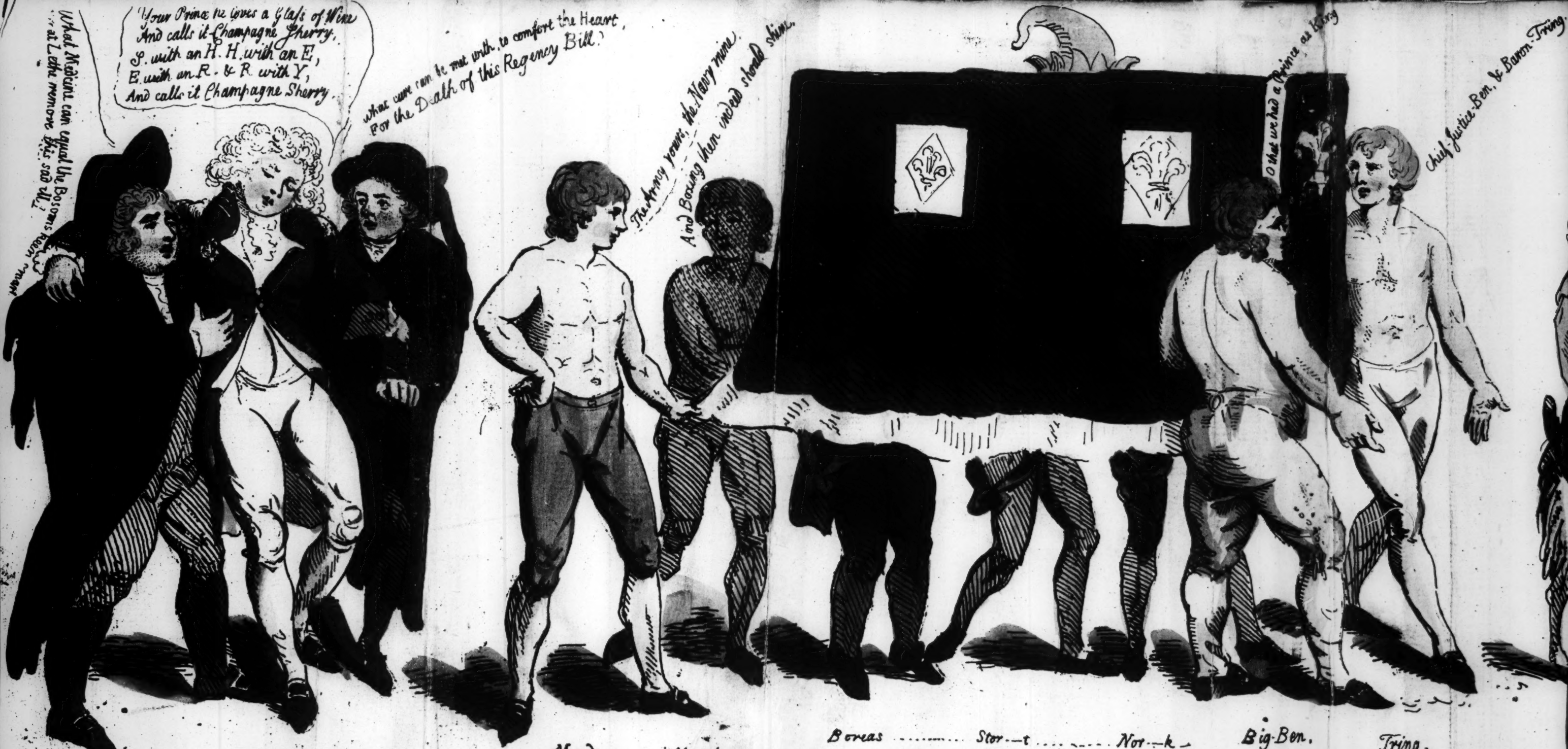
Pullalalo - Pullalalo - oh
Oh, she was our darling oh! ogh! Oh!
Oh, she was our jewel
She would have made little Ireland,
The kingdom of Great Britain,
That she would
Pullalalo - Pullalalo - ogh -

Afflictions always attend the Righteous.
Come Nobby, drink adram to the repose
of her Soul.

I am full & sore brown & g
have roared by me on of the dis-
quarrel of my mind



Mother Windsor, & Edmund, the M. Jesuit



What Medicine can equal the Doctors Room man
at Lethe remove this sad ill?

Your Prince he loves a Glass of Wine
And calls it Champagne Sherry,
S. with an H. H. with an E,
E. with an R. & R. with Y,
And calls it Champagne Sherry.

What cure can be met with to comfort the Heart,
For the Death of this Regency Bill?

The Army your, the Navy mine,
And Boxing men indeed should shine.

O that we had a Prince as King

Chief Justice Ben. & Baron Tring.

POLLY supported by Charley & Brinsley.

Mendoza. Humphrey.
Boras Stor-t Nor-k Big-Ben. Tring.
The Funeral Procession of M^{RS} REGENCY. Vide. the Pamphlet

Chief Justice Ben. & Baron Tring.



Tring.

O Fox! O Sheridan! O Burke! O Paine, O ye Irish.
Delegates! behold this wretched skeleton of all your
hopes, & say with me, What a sorry sight is this!!!



Official Minister,
his Grace the Phymist of Llanduff—

He lives upon a Mountain,
It is frisks about so sly
How makes the Mountain goats to stare,
And the City dogs to fly

Johnny Bringle had a little Pig.



The Acting Clerk,
Bobby Cock-r.

Pub? 129th 1789. by J. Aitken, N. 74 Castle Street, Leicester
Fields.



Mutes

Ridg-y: the Pettyfogging Bookseller
& Aust-r: the Caricaturist.



Opposition Sonnetters.

Boothum, Nocturnum,
Nigely, Fudgey,
That nasal Billy Pitt
Keeps us all out



Blue & Buff Musicians

Though late we were happy to chuck out a Pin full of gold
And valued the Crown not a Pin, but a Pin, but a Pin, but a Pin,
The Tables are turned & we plainly see,
Not a man of us can get in - see.

A little Pin

THE
DEATH, DISSECTION, WILL,
AND
FUNERAL PROCESSION,
OF
MRS. REGENCY.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.



THE
DEATH, DISSECTION, WILL,
AND
FUNERAL PROCESSION,
OF
MRS. REGENCY.

REVISED, CORRECTED, ALTERED, ADDED TO, AND
CONSIDERABLY AMENDED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

A Variety of NEW CHARACTERS are introduced in the
Procession, several BURLESQUE DIRGES added, that
did not appear in the first Publication, and the *hiatus* filled
up, by making complete

THE PINDARICK.

With some original Observations on the immediate Conse-
quences of this surprising Death; and an ADDRESS to the
PUBLIC from the Author.

LONDON:

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J. WALTER, No. 169, OPPOSITE OLD BOND-STREET, PICCADILLY;

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W. RICHARDSON, UNDER THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

MDCCLXXXIX.



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ONE of the greatest blessings which Englishmen enjoy is, that the meanest individual in the kingdom can thus introduce himself to the notice of a Prince, and repeat or discontinue his visit, just as it either suits his convenience, or pleases his fancy.

Availing myself of this Constitutional Liberty, I approach your Royal Highness with respect, but without fear. It is the character of a British subject to distinguish the beams of royalty from the splendor of riches,

riches, and to know that there is a rank in the one which the other cannot purchase. But in a land of freedom, he should never lose an atom of his own dignity by the preservation of what he owes to his superiors.

Impressed with these sentiments, I solicit your patronage to the following pages, in which your Highness will find something to make you laugh, if you are disposed to be merry; and something to call for your censure, if ridicule be criminal in exercising its talents at the expence of disappointed ambition.

That the death of the Regency Bill was more pleasing to you than its life, I sincerely believe. You had made promises in the bountiful hours of conviviality, and in the pinching moments of distress, which the limited powers of your new dominion could not fulfil; and ruling over a people undis-

posed

posed to grant what you must have had, to make life comfortable, it was much more to your happiness, that you should remain as you are, than assume the title of Regent. The social enjoyments of a subject, at your time of life, are better suited to the mind, than the splendid appendages of monarchy; and I am much deceived in your character, if you would not rather recline on the bosom of *Bathsheba*, than sway the sceptre of *Solomon*.

In offering to your Highness's perusal the work of a few hours, when my heart was elated with the joyful news of our Sovereign's recovery, I am confident I cannot displease you; however the event and its consequences may depress the spirits of your party.

Wherever I appear, in your Highness's opinion, to have brought forward your friends in too ridiculous a light, I beseech you to ascribe that fault to the character
itself,

itself, and not to the pen which committed its outlines to paper. I am far from being an ill-natured man, and would at any time much rather laugh at, than censure a crime.

I have only to add, if any doubt may arise to the injury of this assertion, that I refer you for a full evidence of the fact, to what, without permission, is here dedicated to your Royal Highness, by

THE AUTHOR.

THE

THE DEATH, &c.
OF
MRS. R E G E N C Y.

HER DEATH.

March, 1789.

ON Tuesday last, at half past five in the evening, to the great grief of a numerous circle of friends, and to the general satisfaction of the public, departed this life, after suffering the most excruciating tortures, which she bore with meekness and submission, a LADY, much talked of, and well known in every part of *Europe*. What makes her death the more to be regretted is, that she was in a few days to be UNITED in the most solemn and most PUBLIC manner
B with

with his ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, to whom she had offered every thing in her power to bestow. To this *connexion* both the *Prince* and his friends were at first rather averse; but when they came to consider all that had been said on the subject, and how publicly the matter was talked of in every company, His Royal Highness consented to take, for better or worse, and under the act, that which he thought he might have possessed, as long as he pleased, without the *controul of Law*. The day was fixed for the solemnity, the suites of attendants named, and new joyful apparel bought by the friends of the Prince: but who is he, that can with certainty know what THE MORROW *shall produce?*

“ The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate—puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with errors.”—Providence interfered, and in one moment darkened the prospect that looked so bright before them. A peer—a well-known peer, and why should we conceal his name—*Lord Hawkebury*,—that man who formerly was *Charles Jenkinson*—from a *violent attachment* to his sovereign, and

an

an idea that such a connection ought not *now* to take place, went to the apartment where this good Lady lay, under some apprehensions of death from a galloping consumption, and PUT AN END TO HER EXISTENCE at once.

WHAT the *Prince* and his friends mean to do with the noble Lord, we believe is not yet known ; but this much we can aver—the *Sovereign* is not displeased with his Lordship for what he has done, and the nation at large rejoices at the event : for the connection was of that nature, which involved in it the interests of the whole empire, the *probable issue* being a matter of the utmost moment both to the *Crown* and the *Constitution*.

MR. COOPER, of Palace Yard, had the body immediately committed to his care, and, as in all cases of the same nature, gave the custody over to Mr. *Blackstock*.

THE Lady having shewed symptoms of approaching dissolution for more than a

week past, the Prince's friends were eager to have the union solemnized in as quick a manner as possible;—but there were so many forms to get through, in point of settlement, that it could not be effected in time.

THE news of the death were quickly circulated, and the mob no sooner heard where the body lay, than they flocked down to the House of Lords in great numbers, *Mr. Cooper* and *Mr. Blackstock* both having offices there. They pushed up the stairs, to the door that leads to the entrance appropriated for the Peers, where they pressed so hard on *Cochran* the door-keeper, that *Mr. QUARME*, the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod, was obliged to come out; but even this Gentleman, with all his usual affability, found the task of removing the crowd too difficult for politeness, and therefore was obliged to exert the authority of his office, and order them out by force.

THE name of this remarkable Lady is well known. The people and the Parliament called her THE REGENCY BILL.

THREE days after her death, she was interred, in a most extraordinary manner, at *Brookes's* Gambling House in *St. James's* street, by that FACTION, so universally called THE PARTY, who are the only mourners, and the sole losers by her death.

ANTECEDENT, however, to the funeral, it was thought proper to have the body opened, its internal parts being so often dissected in theory by both Houses of Parliament, and the opinions on each day of dispute so various as to all its noble parts.

THE FOLLOWING IS

AN ACCOUNT

OF

THE OPENING OF THE BODY,

THE persons appointed to *disssect* and *em-
bowel* this remarkable Lady, were Surgeon
BURKE, Surgeon Fox, Surgeon WEDDER-
BURNE, and Dr. SURFACE, four of the best
cutting anatomists in the whole Faculty of
Palace Yard.

THEY first opened the *head*, or as it is
physically termed, *the preamble to the contents
of the body*, which they found quite per-
fect, the *pia mater*, or membrane that en-
folds the brain, not being injured in the
smallest degree.

THIS puzzled them not a little, as they
had, when called into consultation before
the

the Lady died, gave it as their opinion, that the *head*, as well as the *bowels*, shewed strong signs of a *decaying constitution*.

PROCEEDING downwards, however, they found that the windpipe was *dinflame*, that the neck was *dislocated*, and that the *clavicle* had received a compound fracture, as if the Lady had been *strangled*, and then thrown down so as to *break the collar bone*, which was the truth, for Lord *Hawkesbury* committed *the one act*, and the *Lord Chancellor*, God forgive him, did *the other*.

WHEN the *sternum*, or chest was opened, all appeared right there; and her *heart* was found and strong. The *bowels*, contrary to the idea of the surgeons, corresponded with the *head*, and were *faultless*; and the *limbs* were formed so strong, that if she had not been *strangled*, she must have lived until the *course of nature* committed her to the grave; for she had no *imperfections* of her own to send her out of the world before her time.

THE

THE *windpipe* was the only part that differed in her from other windpipes. Its functions were so delicate, that a small matter immediately stopped the lungs from playing, and hence it was that Lord *Hawkesbury*, with one hand, so easily effected her death.

THE body being sewed up, and shrowded in the BISHOP OF LLANDAFF's speech against the regal power that was to remain with the King and Queen, the ceremony was performed of

PUTTING INTO THE COFFIN.

THIS was attended with much solemnity, the four Surgeons drowned in tears, two at the head and two at the feet, laying it in a shell lined with BUFF SILK, and covered with BLUE CLOTH—and alternately singing, in a very solemn manner, the following awful dirge :

SONG,

(9)

S O N G,

BY FOUR SURGEONS.

AIR—*I've kiss'd, and I've prattl'd.*

SURGEON BURKE.

I'VE cut up and mangled ten thousand good bills,
And sometimes the House did approve ;
But of all the dissections I ever came near,
This body has least of my love.

SURGEON SHERIDAN.

There's *Hastings* and *Impey* we've slic'd to the bone,
And with pleasure our instruments move ;
But of all the political subjects we've met,
This body has least of our love ?

SURGEON FOX.

Yet, bad as it was, we much wish'd it to live,
Though against it *below* and *above* ;
For to us it gave consequence, pow'r, and wealth,
Although not an atom of love.

SURGEON LOUGHBOROUGH.

My word is down, and I'm fix'd to the stake,
That the RIGHT OF THE PRINCE is above
All Law and all Precedent, Commons, and Lords ;
Then how can this Bill have our love ?

THE

THE wealth and power this Lady was to have bestowed on the Party, made them wish to shew every mark of respect to her funeral, and hence it was that the place of her interment was at *Brookes's*, and under that table where their very souls lay, without even a wish of redemption.

THE EMBLEMATICAL ORNAMENTS

DISPLAYED some taste, and were rich and various—such as suited the occasion, and were congenial to the sentiments of the Party.

THE figure of HOPE lay dead at the bottom of her anchor, being murdered by FEAR, who was depicted with all the horrors of guilt in his face.

THESE were on the centre of the lid, and surrounded by a wreath of withered laurel.

ON the front of the head of the coffin was a large figure of HIBERNIA, displaying in her right hand a straw CROWN, and wielding in her left, a *gingerbread Sceptre*.

AT the *dexter side*, six striking likenesses of the SIX MESSENGERS from the *Irish Parliament*, done in *brass*; and on the *sinister*, as companions to them, SIX FOOLS CAPS, executed in *Prince's metal*: the motto to the first, *Futili nihil credendum* (we must not believe a BLAB); the other, *Factum stultus agnoscit* (a FOOL acknowledges what he has done).

AT the foot, VIRTUE in PRINCE ROYAL robes, was finely depicted, struggling with one *Joseph Surface*, who was in the act of attempting to ravish her—SHAME, with the mantle of POLITICS, attempting to hide the scene from public view. A motto hung out of *Surface's* pocket, *Occasio facit furciferum* (opportunity makes the thief).

THE hearse was at the expence of the *Party*, and the *escutcheons* bore evident marks
it

it was *their* gift. The *Arms of Ireland* were placed *over* those of *England*, with this motto, *Respice futurum* (look at what is to come).

PLUMES of white feathers ornamented the horses, and on the front-stall of each bridle, *Tempora mutantur*, (the times are changed,) was written in *black characters*, on a white ground,

ON the middle of the roof of the hearse was a statue of JUDGE JEFFERIES, as large as life, with a *blue* label from his mouth, expressing in *buff* words, "*I say the sole right is in the Prince.*" At the foot of the Judge was a small figure of *Cataline* lighting his pipe with MAGNA CHARTA.

THE door which opened into the hearse was covered with a sheet of vellum, on which were represented the leading men of a *certain Party*, after having forced their way into the Temple, presenting a petition to *Æsculapius*, praying him to put his daughter *Hygeia* (the Goddess of Health) to death,

death, for being the first cause of the murder of the REGENCY BILL.

THE body thus deposited in the coffin, and the coffin placed in the hearse,

HIS Grace of *Norfolk* mounted the box in a black cloak, his hair without powder, and his hands imprisoned in white gloves ; Little *Bobby Cocker*, the Attorney, riding as postillion.

THE hearse drew up with the horses heads facing the sign of the ship, as the line of procession was marked out from Palace Yard through Parliament Street, Charing Cross, Spring Gardens, the Hay Market, Piccadilly, and into St. James's Street, to *Brookes's*, where the Rev. Bishop *Wrongside*—waited its arrival.

THERE was a considerable delay in getting the mourners, pall-bearers, and pages into order, *Mr. Burke* and *Mr. Sheridan*, the principals, having with the coachman got into *Davy Jacobs's*, where they were eating
 2 beef-

beef-steaks, and drinking porter, and from which they determined not to move until they had finished their morning *morceau*.

BOBBY COCKER, the attorney, also quitted his post, having seen among the crowd a person whom he had been long seeking to serve with a copy of a writ. The horses, thus left to themselves, took fright, and would have smashed the windows in *Frank's* coffee-house, had they not been fortunately stopped by a brandy butt at *Bellamy* and *Kew's* door.

THIS, with the late absence of *Michael Angelo Taylor*, Lord *Maitland*, Lord *Fielding*, and *Jack Courtenay*, four of the pages, who were playing *Putt* at the *Crown*, kept the procession back until two o'clock, when all things being in readiness, they formed a cavalcade as far as Sir *Peter Burrell's* house in *Whitehall*, very few of the attendants shewing signs of ebriety.

THE

THE PROCESSION

WAS as follows:—*Lord Sheffield, Harry House, Bill Beresford, Kitt Bethel, Jack Gregory, and Mich Downs*, clearing the way with *long poles*, armed at the end with *buff rags*, in humble imitation of the *Essex geese drivers*.

TWELVE PAGES,

Two and two, in black coats, *open* under the arm, and *unclosed* at the elbows, to shew their *buff* shirts:

Michael Angelo Taylor,
Lord Fielding,
Mr. Adam,
Mr. Francis,
Mr. Viner,
Colonel North,

Lord Maitland,
Mr. Courtenay,
Mr. Anstruther,
Sir Grey Cooper,
Sir James Erskine,
Sir Gilbert Elliot,

And Major George Hanger,

carrying on his head **THE PLUME OF FEATHERS** before

THE

THE HEARSE,

Which was followed by the

TWO CHIEF MOURNERS,

CHARLES FOX AND BRINSLEY SHERIDAN,

Dressed in long black cloaks, and singing,
as a solemn dirge, the following four lines,
set to music by Mr. *Linley* :—

What med'cine can soften the bosom's keen fm;

What Lethe remove this said ill ?

What cure can be met with to comfort the heart,

For the DEATH of this REGENCY BILL ?

TWELVE BLUDGEON-MEN,

With crapes round the leaden ends of their
weapons, bearing on their shoulders a fi-
gure of DEATH, armed with a scythe, on
the blade of which was written, THE
WESTMINSTER ELECTION, “ *Fox* and
“ *TOWNSHEND* for ever.”

SIX

SIX PEERS,

With their coats TURNED, walking two and two.

Duke of Queensberry,	Duke of Northumberland,
Lord Malmſbury,	Lord Hawke,
Lord Rawdon,	Marquis of Lothian,

alternately finging the following catch, and turning to each other as they pronounced the words :

Lord, Sir, you ſeem mighty uneaſy ;

But I this miſfortune can bear ;

I warrant I ſhall not run crazy,

Nor die in a fit of deſpair :

If ſo you ſuppoſe, you're miſtaken :

For, Sir, for to let you to know,

If from me the King's favour is taken,

To the Prince I, of courſe, make my bow.

LORD LOUGHBOROUGH,

carrying a black flag, on the right ſide of which was inſcribed, A NEWSPAPER's A LIBEL : and on the wrong ſide, THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS. His Lordſhip was dreſſed in his *beſt wig, and Chancellor's would-be-rob*es, and looked remarkably prim.

C

TWEN-

TWENTY PARAGRAPH WRITERS,

Two and two, dressed in paper caps, and armed each with a silver pen, and a little bottle of gall. They carried four flags, on which were displayed the words,

Morning Herald,
Gazetteer,

Morning Post,
General Advertiser,

Written in the centre of each, on the body of a *Viper*, which was gnawing at *BRI-TANNIA's Crown*, as she lay asleep in the garden at *Windsor*. The motto underneath was, *Latet anguis in herba*—(a snake in the grass)

MR. POWIS,

Habited as the daughter of *Tantalus* in her *Niobe*an weeds, two of his Majesty's dismissed pages holding a ten gallon washing-tub under her chin, to receive the tears that fell on this melancholy occasion.

Lord North,
Lord Carlisle

Lord Stormont,
Lord Fitzwilliam.

In

In the *Prince of Wales's* livery, with black crapes over their faces, Lord *North* chaunting the 10th verse of the xxxviii. chapter of the book of *Psalms*—

“ MY heart panteth, my strength faileth me,” &c.

TWO RACE HORSES,

SIR PETER and DASH, led by Lord *Derby*, and carrying on their backs the *Amendments* or *Prescriptions* made by the *Party* to Mrs. *Regency*.

MR. BURKE,

In sackcloth and ashes, carrying a *straight waistscoat* in one hand, and the figure of *Mad Tom* in the other; and mournfully chaunting in recitative, the 8th verse of the 38th chapter of the book of *Psalms*—

“ I am feeble and fore broken; and I have roared, by reason of the disquietness of my mind.”

TWELVE SILENT SENATORS

of the Minority ; that voted against the idea
of convalescence, two and two, weeping.

THE SIX IRISH REGENCY GIANTS,

with their coats *buttoned behind*, singing the
Irish howl——

“ Pullalaloo——pullalaloo——Oh——

“ Oh she was our *darling*——Oh ! Ogh ! Oh !——

“ Oh ! she was our jewel——

“ She would have made *little Ireland*

“ The kingdom of GREAT BRITAIN——

“ That she would——

“ Pullalaloo——pullalaloo, Ogh !

MARQUIS OF TOWNSHEND,

riding on a nine inch howitzer, drawn by
Lord *Leicester* and Lord *John Townshend*.

SIX FEMALE MOURNERS,

two and two, dressed in *Regency* caps with-
out a *Crown*, and ornamented with *blue* and
buff ribbons.

Lady Dowager *Lanesborough*,
Countess of *Derby*,
Lady *Maynard*,

Lady *John Lade*,
Lady *Page Turner*,
Lady *Tyrconnel*.

LORD

LORD STANHOPE,

with a double drum muffled, which was made of the *parchment* on which the *Regency Bill* was to have been engrossed. He beat, alternately, the quick step of *Cain* into the land of *Nod*, and the melancholy march of *Adam* and *Eve* out of the garden of *Eden*.

LORD CHEDWORTH,

playing a *Solo* on an *Italian* pipe, composed by the *late Lord Tynley*, and *corrected* by *Captain Dives*.

TRADESMEN.

ONE hundred butchers, one hundred poulterers, one hundred bakers, one hundred brewers, fifty wine-merchants, one hundred green grocers, two hundred taylor's, two hundred shoemakers, and twenty coachmakers, two and two, weeping bitterly.

MR. SURFACE'S POULTERER,

singing in a melancholy manner, and the others ever and anon joining him with tears in their eyes,

O! that *this day* we ne'er had seen——

Our *bills* now rest in fruitless hope !

No *Prince* a King——no *Regent* Queen !

Let's give our sorrows their full scope.

Ah ! sprightly, witty, *Congreve Dick*,

Who's prob'd our pockets to the quick,

Think what we feel——This *Regent* dast,

Has touch'd thy *Tradesmen* to the heart.

TWENTY-FOUR BUTCHERS,

With marrow-bones and cleavers, followed the tradesmen, two and two, their cleavers muffled, sounding the dead march that accompanied *Jonathan Wild* to *Pancras* churchyard,

B I G B E N,

in the chair which was last honoured with *Lord John Townshend*, carried by *Doyle*, *Ryan*, and two *Irish* chairmen, his Gymnastic Majesty singing the following

SONG :

S O N G :

AIR.—*Hail* POLITENESS, *Pow'r* divine.

I greet thee *Lothian*, ancient lad,
Of paint and powder, *Fashion's* dad ;
Look at my face, and look at thine—
A *pismire's* your's—an *ox's* mine.

Gaudy, flutt'ring, little creature !
Infect in thy very feature :
A Col'nel too ! !—and war the word ! !
War with thy Sov'reign, *GEORGE THE THIRD* !

O ! come then to thy *Big Ben's* breast,
Where many a fist has sorely press'd,
And pass with me the Prince's Ferry,
To *Fox*, *Fitzpatrick*, *Burke*, and *Sherry*.

And bid farewell to King and court—
And take to *tennis*, *Fred'rick's* sport—
Or steer thy course to *Brookes's* gran'ries—
To store up there the *CORNWALL STAN'RIES*.

MENDOZA AND HUMPHRIES,

Dressed in the habits of *ARTAXERXES* and *ARBACES*,

Borrowed from *DRURY-LANE* Play-house,

Singing the following beautiful DUET, with Alterations :

“ In infancy our hopes and fears
“ Were to each other known,
“ And friendship, in our riper years,
“ Had twin'd our hearts in one : ”

O give

" O give us then a PRINCE as King——

" CHIEF JUSTICE BEN, and BARON TRING;

" The ARMY yours—the NAVY mine,

" And BOXING then indeed shall SHINE."

LORD PORCHESTER,

Carrying in his hand an excellent likeness of Lord *North* receiving instructions from his FATHER, (we equally mean the father of us all in that reign) GEORGE THE SECOND, which instructions were, that he should be stedfast to his Sovereign, and faithful to his party, or shame and disgrace would certainly, in the end, oblige him to submit to the sad and deplorable situation of being *led* by his enemies. Lord *Porchester*, in order to prove how *seriously* this matter affected him, and how requisite it was to impress the multitude with the same degree of reverential awe he always experiences under the center branch of that side of the House of Peers, on the Chancellor's left hand, where he generally delivers the animated emanations of a brain bubbling with enthusiastic fire—sung with the whole force of his voice, a most learned composition on the conduct of Mr. *Sheridan*, to whose mistaken zeal for his Prince,

Mrs.

Mrs. REGENCY owed one great cause of her sudden exit.—The *serious song*, sung by his Lordship on this occasion, was his own composition, and particularly levelled against *Mr. Sheridan*.

S O N G.

AIR.—“ *The Farmer’s Dog leap’d over the Style.*”

The Prince’s FRIEND o’ershot his mark,

His name was *little Sherry* :

The Prince’s friend o’ershot his mark,

His name was *little Sherry* :

S with an H—H with an E,

E with an R—R with a Y—

His name was *little Sherry*.

The Prince he lov’d a glass of wine,

And call’d it *Champagne Berry* :

B with an E, E with an R,

R with an R, and R with a Y,

And called it *Champagne Berry*.

And is not this a serious song.

A *dismal* to make merry ?

M with an M, E with an R,

R with an R—and R with a Y—

A *dismal* to make merry,

His Lordship had two servants, in his own livery, preceding him, and carrying
on

on their shoulders a pole, from which hung a large buff bag, inscribed—*The Political Sins of THE PARTY*, in prose and verse, by *single speech* Hamilton and Lord Carlisle.

S I X E A R L S,

full dressed, and walking two and two.

Lord Eglington,
Lord Cassilis,
Lord Huntingdon,

Lord Suffolk,
Lord Exeter,
Lord Peterborough,

EARL SANDWICH,

in a peter-boat, drawn by six white-robed virgins, and attended by two Mednam-Abbey representations of RELIGION and VIRTUE, *Death* following him close to the stern. In the center of the boat was a sail, on which was painted a representation of the ACCUSING SPIRIT giving in his charge to the RECORDING ANGEL, and MERCY taking her flight from the seat of Judgment. MOTHER WINDSOR with her right hand directed the rudder, and in her left held the figure of a laughing prostitute kneeling

kneeling to her Father Confessor, and saying PENI-TENTO *non* PENITENTI.

THE CYPRIAN CORPS,

two and two, dressed in weeds, and preceded by

Mrs. BENWELL and Mrs. ARMSTEAD,

supporting poor PERDITA ROBINSON, in the last stage of an *incontinent* consumption.

P E R D I T A

or Mrs Mary Robinson

sung, with a melancholy voice, the old song of

“ When I was a young one, what girl was like me,

“ So wanton, so airy—so brisk as a bee.” &c.

FOUR VISCOUNTS:

Lord Hereford,

Lord Maynard,

Lord Bolingbroke,

Lord Hamden.

chaunting a solemn dirge :

AIR

AIR—*Dootherum, Nigety, Fidgety.*

Though late we were happy, and chuck full of glee,
 And valu'd the Crown not a pin,
 The tables are turn'd, and we plainly foresee,
 Not a man of us shall get in.

Sing Dootherum, Nootherum,
 Nigety, Fidgety,
 That rascal, *Billy Pitt*,
 Keeps us all out.

Dear *Charley*, ah! tell us how long d'ye think
 King *George* will remain on his throne;
 For in sorrow we pine, and in sadness we think,
 That it's long till the *Prince* wears the Crown.

Sing Dootherum, Nootherum, &c.

TWELVE BARONS.

Lord Audley,	Lord Monson,
Lord St. John,	Lord Foley,
Lord Darnley,	Lord Vernon,
Lord Teynham,	Lord Pelham,
Lord Kinnaird,	Lord Cadogan,
Lord Kinnoul	Lord Corke,

Walking two and two, and the first eight
 carrying Lord Baron *Rodney*, in a Water-
 man's scull on their shoulders, the old EU-
 STATIA GLEANER singing,

ASR—

AIR.—*The Nightingale's Song.*

My King, it is true, late made me a Peer,
And a coronet sits on my head ;
But my Wife has done more, she has made me a DEER,
A Deer by the Laws of the bed.

Then a Fig for the King, and a Crown for the Prince,
And long live the horned creation,
And here's to the ladies that never will wince
At pleasing each man in the nation.

THE COACHES

Closed the procession. Those made for the expectant Ministry were first, and drove by the coach-maker's people, as it was not found safe to trust them with men, who, as things were, might never have it in their power to pay for them.

MR. SHERIDAN'S TAYLOR,

In Mr. Fox's old chariot, drawn by a light grey, and a dark brown horse, brought up the rear. The coachman wore the late poor *Sam House's* night-cap over his wig, and with a crape in his hat made a most melancholy appearance.

INTER-

INTERMENT.

WHEN the body arrived at the door of *Brookes's*, it was obliged to wait some time for the *Plume of Feathers*, George Hanger having stepped aside from the Procession in Pall-Mall, just to get a sop in the pan from *Weljee*, the cook of the *PILLORY*. It was full half an hour before he came to the gambling house, *Bellendenus* cursing him all the while in *Greek*, *Latin*, and *Hebrew*.

THE PAGES

having untenanted the hearse of its deceased burden, and taken it on their shoulders, carried it into the hall, where it was met by

COLONEL FITZPATRICK,

who, on this melancholy occasion, pronounced the following

PINDARICK,

*Written by himself at the Shakespeare Tavern, whilst
Mr. Sheridan was preparing the Epitaph.*

I.

What dismal sight is this, so black, so glum?
The Party too, in mourning, grief, and tears!!
Ah, woe is me! O my prophetic fears!
Great Stanhope's Earl beats the muffled drum.

II.

The BRITISH LION's well:
Sad tidings this to tell!
Hibernia now, in mournful strain,
To Harry Grattan shall complain,
And Shannon cry, and Leinster weep,
And Sheridan drink deep,
To swallow down this pill—

THE MOURNFUL EXIT OF OUR REGENT'S BILL.

III.

Oh! let me talk!
Gods! what a baulk!
To have the nation sav'd, just as the thieves were at the door.
Curse on this Willis! with enchanted hand
To execute so quick the LORD's COMMAND,
And make Disorder take its farewell flight,
Before WE JOIN'D with Ireland in the PRINCE's RIGHT:

IV.

And turn'd *our* en'mies out the Treas'ry door,
And made a Countess of a ———,
That Devon's Member might be gall'd the more,
And *her* relations feel not quite so sore
Those cutting words the loyal TIMES had utter'd;
But hot with Patriot fire,
And red with family ire,
Make good the threats which they had mutter'd.

V.

*D^r Willis - Physician for the cure of
Insanity -*

V.

Like a senatorial Olio,
 Made up in speaking folio,
 Full of pretty nothings in each line,
 Here all the *Beautiful*—there the *Sublime*—
 Threat'ning, like Edmund Burke, a tedious length of time,
 Thus *Madam Regent* fell—
 Spreading with horror all around
 Her knell of death—that dismal sound
 Making ev'ry honest Whig
 Look so small that was so big ;
 Whilst Loyalty, with smiling face,
 Offspring of true patriot race,
 Her cheeks with honest pleasure glowing,
 Her eyes with tears of joy o'erflowing,
 Foresaw the downfall of our Hopei
 And bids us shun the AXE and ROPE.

VI.

This the Grand Bill of *Charley Fox*,
 Our dear bought son of *Pop'li Vox*,
 That Bill which was to spread his fame
 From *Indus* to the *Pole*,
 From *Asia's Plains* to *Limehouse Hole*,
 The wide extent of his great name,
 WAS STRANGLER IN A WEEK.
 Ere it could its lawful language speak ;
 Not by the Nurse's awkward murd'ring hand,
 But by the *British Lords* command,
 Who saw it swell with pois'nous thunder,
 And knew it fraught with Indian plunder.
 Determin'd thus upon its certain fate,
 The Peers assembled round
 To prove its heart unsound,
 And gave't a speedy and a deadly date.

Our

Our Party said it was a plan design'd;
 And in a dreadful shout,
 Amidst their grief,
 All—all went out,
 Or, in the Senate phrase, *each man resign'd*.
 The people saw the party fall,
 And bellow'd out a joyful bawl,
 A national alarm,
 That bade the friends to Pitt all quickly arm.
 Their host, however, was by much too small,
 In that assemblage which we *Commons* call;
 And certain ruin must have been their lot,
 And King, and Pitt, and Thurlow gone to pot,
 Had not a Grenville Peer, just in the nick,
 Play'd Fox a cunning, sly, and slipp'ry trick,
 And made the King UNPARLIAMENT us all—
 Who thus adrift,
 Put to the shift,
 Gave up the India Bill;
 Each man, in sorrow's ill,
 Forgetting ev'ry thing but his own fall.

VII.

Hark, how dismal sounds the muffled drum!—
 Come, *Patriot Mis'ry*—quickly come,
 This Regent Death demands thee,
 This dreadful sight commands thee;
 Whilst sorrow pale shall place
 A Whiggish sympathy in ev'ry face.
 But hold!—*Mendoza's* fist I spy—
 Gymnastick *Humphries'* eye,
 The knuckles of the one all out of place—
 (The Boxing Blackguard's fate,
 In high or low estate)
 Their broken noses flatten'd to their face.

D

These

These are our friends most near ;
 Come, *Mendoza*—and you, my *Humphries* dear ;
George Hanger swears on earth there's not your peer,
 For fixing straight a blow,
 That shall dissolve the eye into a jellied-tear ;
 As if thy powerful hand,
 By our sad Party's grief command,
 Should make the eye for ever flow.

VIII.

Thus let our party complaints, in dismal strain,
 Tell to the world that all our hopes are vain ;
 And that our thoughts are *Main* and *Chance* again.
HYGEIA's Goddess, sent by Heaven's decree,
 To SAVE the Crown, and set the People FREE,
 AT ONCE RESTORING KING and LIBERTY.

MR. BURKE,

at the words *King* and *Liberty*, laid his
 figure of *Mad Tom* on the top of the coffin,
 and uttered a loud *groan* in IRISH, which
 giving the cue to the

SIX IRISH REGENCY GIANTS,

they set up their native death *howl*, in a
 most piercing tone.

THE MUFFLED DRUM

having beat to order, the coffin was carried
 up stairs to the *Hazard Room*, where

BISHOP

BISHOP WRONGSIDE, *Landaff*

with an elegant bouquet of *leeks* on his bosom, and provincially supported by two *be-goats*, made *first* his obeisance to the PLUME OF FEATHERS, and then, taking from his pocket two likenesses of the *King* and *Prince of Wales*, his Lordship sung,

"How happy had I gone with either;
 "Was t'other dear charmer away;
 "But whilst they *perplex* me together,
 "By CHANCE I mistook the RIGHT way."

HIS GRACE OF QUEENSBURY

was so sensible to the force of this, that he *breathed* a sigh, which was felt by every person within ten yards of where he stood.

SIX DICE BOXES

being placed on the hazard table, and three groom porters crooks laid across, the coffin was put upon them, *Bellendenus* read the

FUNERAL SERVICE.

“ I AM *Bellendenus*, that wrote the Latin
 “ Book against the present Ministry; and
 “ he that believes what I there advanced, if
 “ he be *in place*, shall soon be *out of place*, for
 “ the words were against the KING, against
 “ the QUEEN, and against the CONSTITU-
 “ TION.

“ This Regency Body brought nothing
 “ to the Party but DISGRACE, and that
 “ disgrace it leaveth [with them. The
 “ Lords and Commons gave her existence
 “ —the Lords and Commons have taken
 “ that *existence* away; and to them the people
 “ shout universal thanks for the same.

“ Let *Treason* sleep—let *Rebellion* lurk in
 “ the hearts of the *Party*—let them keep a
 “ *Padlock* on their lips; for the eye of Jus-
 “ tice is abroad, and the very timber in pre-
 “ paration for the *Scaffold* and the *Pillory*.

“ My

“ My heart was hot within me, but the
“ death of this our departed friend has
“ made me cool indeed !!

“ O Fox !—O Sheridan !—O Burke !—
“ O Francis !—O Powys !—and O ye Irish
“ Delegates !—behold this wretched skele-
“ ton of all our hopes, and say with me,
“ What a sorry sight is this !!

“ In the fulness of our grief, let us there-
“ fore sing a dirge.

TUNE—*Galloping Dreary Dun.*

A Prince we have got, and we are his men,
Getting drunk, night, noon, and day :

To our Bompers, then Boys, we will turn again ;

With our dice here,

And box there,

Rumbling,

Grumbling,

Stamping,

Swearing,

Sitting up, getting drunk, night, noon, and day,

We close watch'd the Bill so blithe and so merry,

Getting drunk, night, noon, and day ;

With Fox, and with Burke, with Francis, and Sherry :

Our dice here, &c.

We thought ourselves sure of a Regent at least,
 Getting drunk, night, noon, and day ;
 And that fasting so long, we should soon have a feast :
 With our dice here, &c.

But a Doctor stepp'd in—and we could not see him ;
 (Getting drunk, night, noon, and day)
 For if that we had, we should certainly see him .
 With our dice here, &c.

So thus being hobbl'd, bamboozl'd, perplex'd,
 Getting drunk, night, noon, and day,
 We find ourselves now, most cursedly vex'd :
 With our dice here, &c.

Then lay her down gently under this table,
 And getting drunk, night, noon, and day,
 We'll curse Dr. Willis as long as we're able :
 With our dice here, &c.

THE SERMON.

HIS chymistical Grace, Bishop Wrong-
 side, having mounted a temporary pulpit,
 borrowed from Alderman Skinner, preached
 the following melancholy and learned Ser-
 mon on the occasion,

In the xxxii chapter of Exodus, and the
 20th verse, you will find these words—

“ And

“ And he took the *Calf* which they had
 “ made, and burnt it in the fire, and
 “ ground it to powder, and strewed it
 “ upon the water, and made the children
 “ of Israel drink it.”

The *Calf* here described by Moses, was neither more nor less than a REGENT made by Aaron, at the request of the idolatrous party who meant to fall down and worship it. It was a *Regent* made in the absence of Moses, which, from Aaron's own words, was intended to fleece the people, but which afterwards, by the commands of Moses, was broke to pieces, and the Regent-makers themselves obliged to drink it.

The unfortunate Lady which has been just committed to the hole under the table, stood in the predicament of Aaron's Regent. She would have proved a heavy charge to the kingdom; and those who were to be oppressed would soon have cursed her existence. Providence, however, has directed the issue to be otherwise; and though we, who were to be gainers had she lived, may lament her

fall, yet as her exit is for the general benefit of the Empire, we must, as the saying is, make the best of a bad bargain.

Droop not your heads, therefore, O ye sons of faction!—it is better, at all times, to live in *hope*, than die by despair. This world is uncertain; and the very room in which we now stand, ought to teach you, that what is lost to-day, may be gained again to-morrow.

The *Regent* which Aaron made, was called a *Calf*;—the *Regency* which we lost, would have made a *Milch Cow*; and the *Regent* which Ireland proposed, got the national baptism of a *Bull*: so that it must be extremely evident to you all what ideas have been entertained of this *molten Image* of power, from the time of *Moses* and *Aaron*, to the days of *Charles Fox* and *Brinsley Sheridan*.

Having thus stated to you, in as brief a manner as possible, what the *Regent* then was, and what the late *Regency* was likely to be, and both tending to the same purpose,

purpose, I would have their bodies served alike.

Moses broke that in his days, and made the people drink it : I would have our party do the same, and that is the chief purport of my sermon. I would have them do so, because it will shew their respect, inasmuch as it must bring the essence nearer to their hearts, and thereby keep it the longer in remembrance.

That Moses made the children of Israel *drink* their *Regent*, is not, as many may imagine, merely apocryphal ; for I can prove the fact, by giving you the strongest evidence of Moses being one of the greatest *Chymists* that the world ever produced, by two letters in my own possession ; the one written by MIZRAIM, the grandson of *Noah*, and the other by HERMES, surnamed TRISMEGISTUS the *younger*, from whom Chymistry was called the *Hermetic Art*. Both these gentlemen inform me, that Moses could never have made the Golden Calf potable, unless he *calcined* it into a liquid ;
and

and I do most firmly believe this fact, in contradiction to what all the enemies of Moses and the Prophets have declared.

Considering the matter in this point of view, I see no possible objection that can prevent our transmuting the body of our departed friend into such *Liquors* as she would have afforded us had she lived; and which, as I said before, will be making the best of a bad bargain. I will engage to make her into Champagne, Burgundy, Claret, Port, Madeira, Sherry, Lisbon, Rum, Brandy, Arrack, Gin, and Porter; and have not a doubt of extracting a little Whiskey for our Six Irish Friends, even without the assistance of the five thousand books of Chymistry, published since the Edict of Dioclesian, in the third century.

I am happy to see my friend Burke smile at all times, but hope, by the contraction of his muscles at what I have now said, that he don't think I am *flinging the hatchet*, as our facetious *Courtney* expresses himself, when he goes beyond the truth. Mr.
Burke

Burke is a friend to Chymistry : He has long been endeavouring to *transmute* the *baser* metal into *Gold*, and actually went so far as to make *Words* into *Money*. That he has failed, gives me pain—but he owes the non-accomplishment of his desires, to following the plan in its infant state, when the idea of making iron, tin, copper, &c. into gold had got such fast hold of the people, that they thought every thing they *calcined* should turn to that precious metal. But had he studied *Geber*, of the seventh Century; O! had he studied *Geber* as I have done,—he might, if he could not *transmute* himself into the Treasury, have at least translated his talents more advantageously for his domestic happiness.

7 But to return to the body of Mrs. Regency : —would to God she had been a golden Calf in *reality*, instead of a milch Cow in *expectancy*:—then indeed we might with joy have shared in the fluid to which I should have reduced her ; and it would have been a valuable fluid ; but at present, we must take her for *better* for *worse*, and swallow the
the

the draught, whether it be mineral, vegetable, animal, vitriolic, nitrous, marine, native, factitious, or empyreumatic ; for it is *political* in us so to do.

“ I see our *Congreve Brinsley* knit his brow at this. The draught I allow is not so pleasant as the *Milk* would have been, had our Regent Cow but lived a few days longer: but he must not complain. I well know what he advised, and that if his doctrine had been followed, our Regency would now be in full vigour. He advised immediate *Confirmation*, and I am the more surpris'd that a Man who has been *universally* CREDITED by the *Trading* and *Mechanical* body of the people, should not have *faith* with his *intimate friends* and acquaintance,

That I shall be able to reduce the body into the liquid substance I have mentioned, I have just as little doubt of accomplishing, as Moses had of making the *Golden Calf* into drink for the Israelites. *Geber* the Arab, has laid down rules for *liquidating per descensum*, and *per ascensum*, although he says
nothing

nothing of distillation *per retortam*; and we have a variety of established instances, wherein a *blue* cloth coat, and a *buff* cloth or kerseymere waistcoat, if *new*, can, by the assistance of *three pendant balls*, be liquidated into a *quart of wine*, and if old, into a *pot of porter*, or *half a pint of gin*:—these pendant balls are not like the figures of a distilling apparatus exhibited by *Zosimus*, of *Panapolis* in Egypt, who lived in the fourth Century after Christ. They are the golden balls that hang at the front of a pawnbroker's shop: *Zosimus's* figures may be seen in *Borrichius' Hermetis et Egyptiorum Sapientia*, page 156. The three balls are to be found at the corner of almost every dark alley in and about London.

It is not, however, by these balls that I mean to dissolve the body of her who would have been our best friend. They are too much adulterated at present, as well by Parliament as by out-door Quacks, to answer our ends; and their original virtue being lost, they will not soon be able to give more for a whole suit than a glass of Gin.

From

From the whole of what I have said on this subject, and without entering further into the merits of a study that must lead me into an immense length of Sermon, if I pursued it now, as I have hitherto done, *ab origine ad infinitum*,—I shall draw to a conclusion.

The political as well as the legal dissolution of our departed friend, we must all lament with the most sincere sorrow. She is gone, never to rise again in that strength and patronage she promised; but with the assistance of that power which I have *volumed* for the service of millions, who cannot comprehend my meaning, I here promise to do with the dead body of Mrs. Regency as Moses did with the *Golden Calf* of Aaron, make it into a *sorrowful beverage* for that party to whose Members it was to prove such a source of LUXURY and DISSIPATION.

I have nothing more to say on this melancholy occasion, and therefore call upon Bobby Cocker, the postillion, to sing a *Funeral Finale*.

BOBBY

BOBBY COCKER,

Elated with the call, and thus distinguished by a Bishop, whose footman's shoes his father was unworthy to wipe, sung that elegant and accomplished song, beginning, *Billy Pringle had a little pig, &c.*

OBSERVATIONS.

THUS fell one of the most extraordinary creatures that this or any other kingdom ever produced—its precedent not appearing among the historical events of Europe, even after the strictest and most minute search into all and every the records that time had preserved.

That her maturity in power would have done a signal mischief to this country, seems to be the general opinion: those who supported her, bestowing their assent *ex necessitate*, and fearing they gave too much; whilst such as opposed her, gave their nega-

tive, because the Lady had not sufficient latitude for the exercise of their avarice and ambition ; and as they well knew that such opposition only gratified their factious temper, without a probability of putting an end to the existence of the matter in issue.

Confined as she was to the exercise of power and patronage, yet the King's enemies were rejoiced to get her into their hands at any rate ; and so certain were they of that event, that they made the most splendid preparation for the day of their inauguration.

Every place under the Crown, that was not already tenanted for life, was promised to the friends of those who were against the Sovereign, from the holder of the Great Seal, down to the Clerk of the Kitchen:—the very clothes of office were bought for the principals, and new liveries procured for new trains of servants.

The expectant Ministers of this great Lady talked in the highest tone of consequence to the servants of the King, and with a degree
of

of impatience bordering on the most ravenous desire, asked, what occasioned delay, and why those in office did not instantly resign? as it was in vain to protract the business any longer.

But the Spirit of LOYALTY, and the Guardian Angel of the CONSTITUTION, watchful of the Sovereign, and attending to the welfare of her people, reported to the Master of the Universe what signal mischief threatened the British Empire.

The report was examined by the recording Minister of Heaven, and found to be true in every particle: upon which the Almighty sent down the GODDESS of HEALTH, desiring her to infuse her knowledge and her power into any person on whose integrity she could rely, directing that such person should attend, and in a progressive manner restore to the Sovereign that which was only taken from him to try the hearts, and prove the loyalty of his subjects—

The Goddess flew on eagle's wings to Lincoln, and selecting Doctor FRANCIS
E WILLIS

WILLIS as her representative, infused her attributes into his mind, preparatory to his advice being regularly called for by the friends of the King.

It is the province of Heaven never to err :
—the Doctor was sent for—consulted—ordered to prescribe—succeeded in his undertaking—and, in due time, GAVE BACK A MUCH LOV'D KING TO HIS AFFLICTED PEOPLE.

The ideas of the OPPOSING PARTY on this merciful miracle, in a moment so critical, may be better conceived than described. Unbelievers in every act, except such as are *the works of man*, they gave no credit to the first joyful tidings of the King's CONVALESCENCE ; but trained up from their infancy in the practice of deceit, they conceived that the Ministers were acting that diabolical part of treachery to the public, which they themselves should have done, were they in similar situations at so important a period.

The

The general notoriety of the fact, however, soon became too well established to doubt its truth; and then, for the first time in their lives, the idea of a *Divinity* seemed to gain some credit with the party. They saw that the cup of power and wealth was dashed to the ground just as it touched their lips—that neither Chance or Nature could do this; and, of course, that there was somewhat superior to both. But the pangs which they felt at the loss of their expectant honours, roused their disappointment into the most rancorous inveteracy against the cause of their Sovereign's recovered faculties. In the bitterness of despair, we therefore now find them adopting the first part of the advice given by the wife of Job to her tortured husband; and in order to prove how *heartily* they do so, every day teems with publications that blaspheme the existence of truth, and are rank treason against the Crown and the Constitution.

F I N I S.

6. A. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

AT Eleven o'clock, in the forenoon of the day subsequent to the burial of this Great Lady, Mr. *Burke* and Mr. *Sheridan*, who were appointed executors, having assembled all THE PARTY at the Shakespeare Tavern, in the rooms where the paragraphs against the Royal Family, and against his Majesty's Ministers are copied for the press, the WILL was opened by Mr. *Fox*, and read in an audible voice by *Michael Angelo Taylor*, commonly called the *Chicken* of the House of Commons.—It runs thus :

In the name of THE PARTY, Amen. I, BRITANNIA REGENCY, of Palace-Yard, in the City of Westminster and County of Middlesex, widow, and relict of the late CONSTITUTIONAL REGENCY, Esq; being found in intention, though imperfect in body, do make this my Last Will and Testament, revoking all others.

IMPRIMIS, I bequeath my carcase, bowels, head, and limbs, to my aged mother *Martha Necessity*, who brought me into this life; to be disposed of by her as she may judge most proper.

And whereas I have received many marks of tenderness from the following persons, and wishing to make them all the return in my power, I give and bequeath my earthly property among them—that is to say,

To the Right Honourable *Charles James Fox*, as I know he stands in need of the same, *half my integrity*, reserving the other half for *Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, to whom it will be an *entire Novelty*, recommending to those Gentlemen that they wear it next their hearts, as the only comfort they can possess in that dreadful moment, when the last breath of life shall tremble on their lips.

And I further give and bequeath to *Joseph Surface*, a small phial of innate modesty, with which he can at all times wipe away the brass that shines on his countenance, and thereby do justice to that station of life, to which it hath pleased political chance to elevate him.

I give and bequeath to his Grace the Duke of *Norfolk*, a fine portrait of *Hippesley's Drunken Man*, as exhibited by *Lee Lewes* at the Royalty Theatre, and which I lent
F only

only for a short period to their Royal Highnesses, desiring that he may give the same a place in his study, the two Princes having sufficiently studied the character to be quite perfect.

I give and bequeath to his Grace the Duke of *Queensbury*, my whole stock of *Gratitude*, well knowing that he is totally destitute of that qualification: And I also give and bequeath to His Grace, *one grain* of political honesty, being a most valuable acquisition to so illustrious a character.

I give and bequeath to the Right Honourable *Edmund Burke*, every *CLAUSE* I possess against the misfortune of *INSANITY*, desiring that he may treasure up the same, as the *richest* gift I have to bestow, and the most *valuable* present he can receive.

I give and bequeath to the Right Honourable Lord *Malmesbury*, all the *Amendments* I received from the Party, trusting that he will not give them a *DUTCH* place in his mind, and turn an act of friendship into a *BARBED ARROW*, against the benevolent bosom that conferred the obligation.

I give and bequeath to *Michael Angelo Taylor* and Lord *Fielding*, my *COMMON SENSE*, binding them by this my Will not to dispose of, but to hold the same *durante vitæ*, without *let or hindrance* from those natural faculties which were born with them.

I give and bequeath to Mr. *Courtney*, all the new *jests* and *puns* that were given to me from the day of my birth to the day of my death, with this proviso, that he shall substitute their originality in all his speeches for the stale jokes of *Joe Millar*.

I give and bequeath to Mr. *Francis*, in lieu of what he has lost by not going out Governor General of *Bengal*, the speech which Mr. *Burke* intended to make respecting my *exit* on the King's Convalescence; which speech, with a few alterations, must prove a fortune to Mr. *Francis*, on any debate respecting the *Crown* and *Ministry*; and I recommend it to him to have the same set up for the *Morning Chronicle*, like every other speech that he attempts, a day before he delivers it in *Parliament*, that the same may be revised in proper time by the *Author*.

I give and bequeath to *Edmund Burke*, in addition to what I have already bestowed on that great man, all the
Jesuitical

Jesuitical Alterations intended for my benefit by the Party, it being impossible to select any other man in the habitable globe with whose principles they will so congenially unite.

I give and bequeath to Major *George Hanger*, whatever sum or sums of money may be collected at my funeral, intending that a part thereof shall be appropriated to the payment of his washerwoman at *Brighthelmstone*.

I give and bequeath to the Right Honourable Lord *Rawdon*, the form of a challenge that was sent to me by the *Six Irish Delegates*, confident that he will never use it but where the occasion shall not justify any resistance.

I give and bequeath to the Duke of *Northumberland* the remnant of the sheep's skin on which my body was to be engrossed, well knowing that His Grace will give it a situation near the calve's hide that his father left him.

I give and bequeath to the Duke of *Bedford* all those ideas of miserable poverty and niggardly restrictions which the Party was led to prove was my property; his Grace having an hereditary claim to the same, by deriving from his grand-father the thrifty maxim of *skinning a Flint*.

I give and bequeath to Mr. *Powys*, twenty-one puncheons of *real tears* that are my property, from their being shed on the occasion of my birth. They will be much more valuable to him than the quack stream of *w.c.*, which he uses on all great national questions where the Constitution is mentioned to be in danger, without any, even the smallest cause for such an idea.

I give and bequeath to Lord *Stormont*, my History of *Precedents*, with a Parody on the Lamentations of *Glumdalclitch* for the loss of her *Gulliver*; his Lordship being one of the best historical remembrancers in the House of Peers.

I give and bequeath to the Right Hon. Lord Chief Justice *Loughborough*, that RIGHT OF INHERITANCE, which he claimed in the *Prince's* name, to all my power, patronage, royalties, and immunities whatsoever, provided he can establish the same by any law that has passed in this kingdom, from the landing of *Julius Cæsar* to the arrival of the *Irish Delegates*, the law of his own lips excepted.

And

And in case the said Lord Chief Justice *Loughborough* shall not be able to prove the said Right in the Prince, either legally or constitutionally, then I do give and bequeath the said right, immunities, royalties and privileges to the SIX IRISH DELEGATES, who have already testified to this kingdom that their Parliament can *prove any thing*, and that they can likewise, by a natural *confusion of ideas* give *substance to shade*, reverse the adage of *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, and make SOMETHING out of NOTHING.

I give and bequeath to the *Bishop of Llandaff*, all the hopes which he so fondly nursed of my legal life, being one day able to translate, by the assistance of death, his Right Reverend Head to the Archiepiscopal See of *Canterbury*, which hopes, I am confident he little thought my death would thus continue to him.

I give and bequeath to that Reverend Latineft, Doctor *Parr*, all the Greek Latin, and English Quotations bestowed on me by the Right Honourable *Edmund Burke*, from the Beauties of *Homer* to *Joe Millar's three skips of a louse*, so emphatically spoken, and so seasonably applied by that Great Orator.

I give and bequeath to the Pamphleteers, Paragraph Writers, Essay Weavers, Witticism Cobblers, Poets, Printfellers, Engravers, and Painters, who have done me the honour of presenting me with various proofs of their abilities, all that they have published in my name on the subject the merit of such works being their own proper reward.

Having thus disposed of all my worldly stock, I do constitute and appoint the Right Hon. *Edmund Burke*, and *Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, my executors, praying them to take especial care, that this my Will is in all its purposes fulfilled, leaving them, as I first intended, my Residuary Legatees.

Given under my Hand in Palace Yard, this 8th of March, 1789.

BRITANNIA REGENCY.

Witnesses present.

BOBBY COCKER.

BILLY BLUDGEON.

PADDY WHACK.



An additional Stanza introduced in
the Song of God save the King. sung at
the Theatre at Bath, during His
Majestys indisposition 1788

Oh God of Mercy deign
To view yon Bed of Pain
Bedew'd with Tears.

Oh spare the Life we prize
May George with health arise
Hear, Hear our Prayers!

